MERCY SPARX

BLAYLOCK
SHAND
WATTS
MORALES
GREG + FAKE

DEVIL'S DUE COMICS

MERCY SPARX

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MERCY SPARX WAS BORN IN THE LAND OF SHEOL, A STRANGE PLACE BETWEEN HEAVEN, HELL, AND PURGATORY. AGAINST HER WILL SHE WAS SENT TO OUR WORLD, CHARGED WITH A MISSION FROM GOD. A DEVIL GIRL SECRETLY LIVING AMONGST US AS HUMAN, MERCY NOW HUNTS ROGUE ANGELS, ALSO HIDING ON EARTH... DOING HEAVEN'S DIRTY WORK.

COLLECT THEM ALL!

BY JOEL HUMBERTO HERRERA

BY ERICA WILLEY

BY DANIEL LEISTER & CARLOS MORENO

BY NEI RUFFINO

BY JENEVIEVE BROOMALL & CECI DE LA CRUZ

BY LARRY WATTS

FUCK YOU, MOM!

WELL, ISN'T SHE A PEACH?

LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY

THAT'S *IT!* YOUR FATHER AND I--

WE'RE THROUGH WITH THIS! DON'T BOTHER--

--I SAID DON'T BOTHER COMING BA--

FUUUUUUUUUUUUUK YOU!

FUCK FUCK FUCK, *WIKKA WIKKA* FUCK, FUCK YOU! *FUCK YOU*, Y'KNOW?

FUCK YOU, AMIRITE?

SLAM!

HEH.

A FEW THOUSAND DEMONS RUNNING AMOK ALL OVER THE GLOBE.

ROGUE ANGELS FREELY WALKING ABOUT.

KSSH KSSH

DAMMIT.

YO. GIRL WHO SAID "FUCK YOU" A BUNCH.

LEAVE IT TO A TEENAGER TO *EYE ROLL* THE APOCALYPSE.

OH.

HEY, THANKS.

HM. THANK YOU, FOR REAL.

I'M CAYLIN. WHO ARE--

...YOU?

BITCH.

THE HUMAN BRAIN LITERALLY CAN'T RETAIN ANY MEMORY OF HAVING SEEN "THE DIVINE" FOR MORE THAN A DAY, IF THEY'RE LUCKY. GOTTA BE A *WEIRD* TIME FOR THE POOR LITTLE BALL BAGS.

×MERCY SPARX×

SPEAKING OF *BALL BAGS!*

JESUS, KAEL. I THOUGHT YOU SAID THE CHURCH WAS GONNA HOOK YOU UP WITH SOME "RESOURCES"?

LOOKING LIKE THE COLLECTION PLATE'S BEEN PRETTY THIN LATELY.

THIS IS NOT ONE OF THOSE PLACES, BUT IT'S SAFE.

BUT WE HAVE MORE PRESSING ISSUES NOW, ANYWAY, RIGHT?

THAT'S FOR SURE. THE TWO OF US WALKING AROUND BEING SEEN IN PUBLIC WITH HANK, LOOKING LIKE...THIS.

ONE, I TAKE UMBRAGE WITH THE TERM "BALLBAG." IF I'M TAKING GENITAL INSULTS HERE, I AT LEAST GET TO BE A BIG SWINGER.

NOT WITH THAT FUCKING OUTFIT.

FAIR.

TWO, HOW CAN WE BE SURE *THIS* IS A SAFE RENDEZVOUS POINT?

SAY "RENDEZVOUS" ONCE MORE AND YOU WON'T EVEN BE SAFE FROM *ME.*

IT'S NOT PERFECT, BUT I SENSE A HOLY ENERGY HERE. A CHURCH WON'T STOP A DEMON ANYMORE, BUT ENTERING ONE STILL SEEMS TO GIVE THEM ONE HELL OF A HEADACHE.

I'LL TRUST YOU ON THAT, *JOHN EDWARD.* CELL SERVICE HAS BEEN ON AND OFF, BUT REMEMBER, WE MEET BACK HERE IN SIX HOURS–*NO MATTER WHAT.*

DONOVAN, YOU FEELING UP TO THIS SHIT? YOU WERE KIND OF A WRECK.

THE WORLD'S A WRECK. IF WE HAVE A CHANCE AT SETTING IT RIGHT, YEAH--I'M IN. HUNGOVER, BUT IN.

GOOD. SEE YOU BACK HERE TONIGHT. AND THEN...

WE'RE GONNA KICK MY MOM'S ASS.

THE BIG FUCKING FINALE

JOSH BLAYLOCK – PAT SHAND – LARRY WATTS
JETHRO MORALES – GREG & FAKE – MICAH MYERS

SO HOW'S LIFE BEEN WITHOUT ME?
NICE TRUCK BY THE WAY.
OH YEAH?
NOTHING TOO CRAZY. MY BEST FRIEND'S MOM TOOK OVER THE WORLD.
SOUNDS FUN.
MHM. SOCIETY'S OVERRUN WITH MONSTERS AND SHIT, CHAOS RULES-- YOU KNOW THE DEAL.
NAH, NOTHING WILD. UNDEAD HORDES MINGLING WITH HUMANS--
Bargain
TOPS
--DEMONS RUNNING RAMPANT. YOU GET USED TO IT.
FUCK ALL THAT. MORE IMPORTANTLY, WHAT'S UP WITH *THIS* SHIT, PORTLAND?
IS THIS MUSTACHE FARM-TO-TABLE?
I WAS HIDING OUT! FRIENDS OF MERCY SPARX ARE PUBLIC ENEMY NUMBER ONE OUT HERE. IF I WENT OUT ON THE STREETS LIKE *ME*? IT'S OVER.
DAMN. THAT'S...THAT SUCKS.
AND IT'S PRETTY FUCKING FUNNY, DUDE. HAHAHA. YOU COULD'VE BEEN ANYTHING ELSE! BUT YOU DID *THIS*!?
EH, WELL, YOU FOOLED *ME* SO AT LEAST IT WORKED. I'VE BEEN PLAYING A ROLE THIS WHOLE TIME TOO.
YEAH?
NAHMAT GOT A CONTACT THROUGH TO ME FROM THE OUTSIDE.
SHE SAW THAT LILIN AND LILU WERE TIPPED OFF IN A WAY THAT HAD THEM DETERMINED TO BREAK ME OUT.
EVERY DAY IN FAUSTIA'S COMPOUND, I PRETENDED TO DRINK MYSELF DUMB. MADE MYSELF LOOK LIKE A FUCKING LUSH. BY THE END, THEY WERE BARELY EVEN WATCHING ME.
THAT'S WHEN I DIPPED OUT.
I MEAN...YOU *ARE*. YOU'RE TOTALLY A LUSH. YOU KNOW THAT, RIGHT?
I BET *MUMFORD AND SON'S* PUBES ARE SHAVED LIKE YOUR MUSTACHE.
NOT FOR LONG.

HOW THE FUCK...

VIOLA!

THE FUCK? YOUR *HAIR!*

YOU THINK I'D EVER CUT THIS MANE? I'VE BEEN WORKING ON THIS SHIT FOR YEARS. I JUST GELLED THE WHOLE THING UP INTO A HIPSTER POOF.

IT'S A LITTLE SHORTER, BUT *IT* IS PRETTY GLORIOUS. FEEL BETTER?

HELL YEAH.

THOUGH I ADMIT...I HAVE NO IDEA HOW I'M GONNA HELP YOU. THIS DOESN'T...

WHAT?

THIS DOESN'T FEEL LIKE A BATTLE WE WALK OUT OF. BRINGING ***ME*** TO THIS IS LIKE...BRINGING A...AN EGG SALAD SANDWICH TO A GUN FIGHT.

YOU MIGHT ANNOY SOME PEOPLE, BUT YOU AND THAT SANDWICH ARE GONNA EAT LED.

YOU'RE NOT A SANDWICH. WE'RE GONNA KICK ASS. AS SOON AS NAHMAT FINDS HILLEVI.

I STILL CAN'T BELIEVE THAT HALO THING. YOU'RE AN ***ANGEL***, DUDE.

HAH. RIGHT. OR ***SOME THING.***

REALLY. HOW DO YOU FEEL ABOUT ALL THAT SHIT?

YOU KNOW ME, HANK.

I DON'T FEEL.

HOW MUCH LONGER TILL OUR SHIPMENT GETS HERE? I CAN ALMOST SMELL THE AMOUNT OF SELFIES HUMANS HAVE TAKEN HERE.

IT SHOULD BE SOON.

APPALACHIAN MOUNTAINS, WHERE FAUSTIA EXPECTS A DELIVERY.

NOT EVEN CLOSE TO WHERE FAUSTIA IS WAITING.

HEY... WHERE IN THE--

FREEZE.

WHERE'S FAUSTIA?

COME UP OFF THAT STYX WATER, MOTHERFUCKER.

UH... AGAIN, HOW MUCH *FUCKING* LONGER!?

"AND *THAT*...IS HOW YOU SCAM THE DUMBEST BITCH HELL EVER SPAT OUT."

MY GUYS ARE ON THE WAY TO US WITH THE STYX WATER NOW.

FAUSTIA'S ABLE TO CONTROL WHICH PORTALS TO HEAVEN AND HELL CAN OPEN, BUT THAT DOESN'T MEAN I COULDN'T KNOCK IT OFF COURSE A MILE OR SO.

THIS WAS ALREADY THAT BITCH ASS LILIN'S IDEA. WE JUST GOT THE JUMP ON 'IM. NO REASON FOR FAUSTIA TO KNOW THE LATTER, THOUGH.

I ALREADY PAY ***MORE*** THAN I'D LIKE TO FOR SECURITY AROUND HERE EVER SINCE THE SPARX FAMILY BROUGHT THEIR LITTLE SLICE OF ***HELL*** TO THE WORLD.

NOW Y'ALL JUST NEED TO MAKE SURE LILIN'S NOT THERE TO "CLARIFY" ANYTHING FOR FAUSTIA WHEN --NOT IF--SHE STORMS HIS CASTLE.

"YEAH...WE'VE GOT THAT ***HANDLED.***"

WHAT DO WE DO NOW, LILIN?

EARTH IS FUCKED, LILU. WE GO UNDER-GROUND AND LEAVE THESE CREATURES TO THEIR SQUABBLES. WHEN THE SMOKE CLEARS, IF MERCY IS ALIVE... WE'LL BE WAITING FOR HER.

MAKE SURE YOU GIVE A TIP TO MY GUYS. YOU EVER HAD TO SIPHON STYX WATER FROM A *RHINOSECT'S DICK HOLE!?*

I OWE YA, WALLACE. AGAIN. BUT YOU MAY HAVE PULLED OFF THE ONE THING THAT CAN LITERALLY SAVE THE WORLD.

HIGHLY DOUBT IT, BUT MIGHT AS WELL TRY. PRETTY SURE WE'RE ALL FUCKED, THOUGH, SO I'M GONNA SPEND THE REMAINING DAYS I HAVE LEFT WITH MY FAMILY.

"BECAUSE WHATEVER PRECAUTIONS YOU TAKE...YOUR MOM AIN'T NO ONE TO TRIFLE WITH."

OH MY GOD, IS THAT A... CATHETER?

"THE BITCH CAN BE TRICKED...AND SHE CAN BE DELAYED.

"BUT HISTORICALLY, SHE FINDS A WAY TO GET HER REVENGE."

FUUUUUCK!

ELSEWHERE.

A REGULAR ASS CATHOLIC SCHOOL.

PRIESTS! HELP ME!

THE DEVIL HIMSELF!

MONSTER!

AIIIIIEGH!

AHHH!

PLEASE, FATHER! I'M NOT HERE TO HURT ANY-ONE. I JUST NEED YOU TO-

DEAR GOD, BE WITH ME.

HEY! BRO, JUST LISTEN! HEAR ME OUT! I'VE BEEN GOING FROM TOWN TO TOWN, LIVING THAT VAN LIFE, YOU KNOW...

TALKING TO EVERY PRIEST I MEET, LOOKING FOR HELP. I NEED--

MARY, THE BLESSED MOTHER, CARRY MY SOUL, CARRY MY SOUL, CARRY MY SOUL--

HOMIE! JESUS CHRIST! KEEP IT TOGETHER! I'M NOT GONNA KILL YOU! I JUST NEED YOU TO HELP ME FIND *ANOTHER PRIEST!*

IT'S THE 21ST CENTURY! I KNOW YOU HAVE, LIKE, A FELLOW-PRIEST DATABASE OR SOMETHING!

...THROUGH THE VALLEY OF THE SHADOW OF DEATH, I WILL FEAR NO EVIL: FOR THOU ART WITH ME; THY ROD AND THY STAFF THEY COMFORT ME...

STOP TALKING ABOUT YOUR ROD AND STAFF! I'M LOOKING FOR FATHER *KAEL DONOVAN!* IF YOU CAN CONNECT ME WITH THAT GUY, WE CAN GET THE BAND BACK TOGETHER AND MAYBE EVEN SAVE THE WORLD! OR AT LEAST--

BZZZZ! BZZZZ!

BZZZZ! BZZZZ!

HEY, HOLD ON A SECOND. I'M GETTING A CALL.

HELLO, MANNY SPEAKING.

WHAT!? FATHER DONOVAN? IT'S YOU?

WELL, GOD-DAMN!

I'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR YOU FOR SO LONG! I- WHAT? YEAH, OF COURSE I HAVE YOUR NUMBER.

OH SHIT, YIKES. SORRY.

BRUH. *REALLY?*

HEY, DUDE... REALLY SORRY ABOUT ALL THIS. I, UH...

I HAD MY BUDDY'S NUMBER WRONG BY ONE DIGIT. HAPPENS TO THE BEST OF US, YOU KNOW WHAT I'M SAYING?

ALL RIGHT, MANNY. AND YOU HAVE THE ADDRESS NOW, RIGHT?

READ IT BACK TO ME.

NO. IT'S FORTY-ONE. ALL RIGHT. IF YOU GET LOST, JUST CALL ME. ON THIS NUMBER.

GOD HELP US ALL. SERIOUSLY, I'M TALKING TO YOU, UP THERE.

"GOD HELP US ALL."

YOU KNOW THE WORST PART ABOUT YOUR MOMPOCALYPSE? NO MORE CHECKS FROM HEAVEN EVERY TWO WEEKS. I DON'T KNOW HOW MANY MORE RECORDS I CAN PART WITH ON EBAY TO MAKE ENDS MEET.

FUNNY, I'D THINK DRINKING WOULD BE EVERYONE'S FAVORITE PASTIME RIGHT NOW. GOOD FOR THE BARTENDER LIFE.

DRINKING, YEAH. TIPS, NOT SO MUCH.

DON'T WORRY, HANK. AFTER THIS PLAN COMES TOGETHER, WE'LL ALL GET BACK TO BEING THE BETTER VERSION OF BROKE-ASSES WE USED TO BE. IT'S SOME *OCEANS ELEVEN* TYPE SHIT.

EH, IT'S MORE LIKE IF CLOONEY JUST WALKED IN AND PUNCHED WHOEVER HAD THE CASH HE WANTED, BUT...

SHHHH. *OCEANS ELEVEN*, MOTHERFUCKER.

BLOOMINGTON, INDIANA

SPEAKING OF, BRAD PITT. SHOULD BE JUST UP THE ROAD. WE'RE HERE.

THIS IS WHERE NAHMAT SAID HILLEVI WOULD BE? ARE WE SURE SHE'S NOT...UHHHH, OBVIOUSLY WRONG?

I HAVE NO IDEA. THIS IS WHERE SHE SAID TO GO. THAT'S ALL SHE'D SAY. OVER THE PHONE.

I MISS WHEN WE DIDN'T HAVE TO SNEAK AROUND. SNEAKING SUCKS.

YOUR MOM SUCKS.

I AGREE ENTIRELY.

MERCY'S MOM *DOES* SUCK.

THERE'S MY JAIL-BREAKER. NAHMAT, YOU'RE *THAT BITCH!*

MERCY. IT'S GOOD TO SEE YOU WELL, AND OUT OF YOUR CONFINES.

THANKS TO YOU.

ALL THESE COMPLIMENTS... IT APPEARS YOU'RE GROWING EMOTIONALLY, MERCY.

FUCK, NO, NOT YET. HANG IN THERE.

I'M STILL JUST RUNNING HIGH FROM GETTING TO ENRAGE MOTHER DEAREST WHILE DISHING OUT SOME PAIN TO THOSE CLUB NEPHILIM GOONS AT THE SAME TIME.

I ONLY REGRET LILIN WASN'T THERE PERSONALLY FOR A SECOND ROUND.

ANYWAY...I'VE GOT A PRIEST I'M MEETING WITH IN A COUPLE HOURS. PRETTY HOT, FOR A CELIBATE. WE GOT INFO ON HILLEVI?

INDEED...I'VE LOCATED HER.

WELL SHIT! LET'S GO, THEN.

I'LL WARN YOU, MERCY...THIS PLACE...YOU WON'T LIKE IT.

SHAKE THOSE YAMS, LADIES!

CONSENSUALLY, OBVIOUSLY! ALL OF THE PAPERWORK HAS BEEN SIGNED! YEAAAAAH!

AND EVERYONE'S OKAY WITH IT! IT IS OKAY THAT THIS IS HAPPENING, WE MADE SURE!

FUCK. NO WONDER FAUSTIA WON. THIS IS TOO LOW FOR HELL.

THIS IS WHERE HILLEVI IS HIDING? SHE'S A TWERK CHAMP NOW?

WRONG PLACE. LOOK PAST THE SHIT SHOW, ACROSS THE BLOCK.

CHICK IS PRETTY HAHHHT.

YEAH, OPEN MIC NIGHTS ARE DEFINITELY MORE HER THING.

I'LL GO GRAB QUEEN QUEEF. BE RIGHT BACK.

MERCY, WAIT.

O'HARA'S IRISH PUB

PLEASE. APPROACH HER WITH KINDNESS. IT'D BE BETTER TO HAVE HER *WANT* TO HELP US THAN FEEL AS IF SHE *MUST.*

EVEN IF HILLEVI CAN HELP, REMOVING FAUSTIA'S HALO DOESN'T MEAN WE'LL--

KEERASH!

IRISH PUB

YOU SIMPLE MORTAL MEAT-BAGS DON'T KNOW AN ANGELIC MELODY OF THE MOST HIGH FROM FUCKING TOP-40 MUMBLE RAP!

WHAT KIND OF *DRUGS* ARE YOU ON, BITCH?!

LOOK, LADY, PLEASE JUST GO. WE DON'T WANT ANYONE ELSE TO GET HURT.

WHAT'S IT MATTER? *NOTHING* MATTERS ANYMORE.

LIVE MUSIC 7DA A WEE

WOW, I KIND OF DON'T HATE HER AS MUCH NOW. NO, WAIT...NEVERMIND. JUST FOUND MY RAGE AGAIN.

THIS IS NOT GOOD.

THAT'S AN UNDERSTATEMENT.

"STILL, IT SURE BEATS BEING STUCK AT MY MOM'S."

WHAT THE FUCK DO YOU MEAN, "MERCY IS GONE"!?

THAT DISRESPECTFUL--

DISOBEDIENT, FATHERLESS LITTLE--

BITCH!

YOU ALL FAILED ME! FIRST, THE STYX FUCK-UP AND NOW THIS?

YOUR ONE JOB BESIDES SERVING MY EVERY NEED WAS TO KEEP MERCY LOCKED UP!

I ALREADY RULE THE FUCKING WORLD! HOW HARD IS IT TO KEEP ONE LITTLE DELINQUENT DEVLING ON A LEASH!

FIND MERCY! NOW! OR YOU ALL DIE!

SLOAN, WAIT. WAIT WAIT. MAYBE WE SHOULD-OH FUCK-MAYBE WE SHOULD STOP AND-=GULP=- HELP.

OR AT LEAST CLOSE THE DOOR.

IT'S OKAY, COLIN. SHHHH.

AHK! HOLY HELL!

THUD

AW, COLIN. FAUSTIA'S ON A RAMPAGE, BUT DON'T WORRY. IT'S GONNA BE FINE. WE'RE IN HER *INNER CIRCLE.*

WHAT? WE ARE?

CAN I ASK YOU A QUESTION? I KNOW YOU WERE CLOSE TO MERCY.

WHEN WE'RE TOGETHER... IT'S *HER* YOU THINK ABOUT, ISN'T IT?

WHOA. UH...

IT'S OKAY. REALLY.

I MEAN...AT FIRST, I GUESS...YEAH. I LOVED HER FOR A LONG TIME. I THOUGHT SHE...I GUESS I KINDA SAW HOPE IN US. ME AND HER.

BUT THE TRUTH IS, SHE TREATED ME LIKE SHIT. USED ME. LET *THIS* HAPPEN TO ME...SHE NEVER REALLY CARED ABOUT ME. SO NO. NO, I DON'T THINK OF HER.

SHE USED YOU UP UNTIL THE VERY END, DIDN'T SHE?

YEAH. I GUESS SHE DID.

IF YOU COULD...WOULD YOU MAKE HER PAY FOR WHAT SHE DID TO YOU? FOR HOW SHE TREATED YOU?

I GUESS. HOW, THOUGH, YOU KNOW? SHE'S GONE NOW.

TELL THE TRUTH, THOUGH, COLIN...YOU KNOW WHERE SHE WENT, DON'T YOU?

I...

TRUST ME. SHE DESERVES WHATEVER COMES TO HER. SHE HAD A CHANCE TO SAVE *ME*, YOU KNOW. SHE SAW ME IN...IN A *VERY* BAD SITUATION. SHE DIDN'T HELP, BECAUSE TO MERCY? THERE'S NO ONE THAT MATTERS EXCEPT MERCY.

"TELL ME, COLIN... WHERE DID SHE GO? I KNOW YOU KNOW..."

"I DON'T KNOW MUCH. REALLY."

NO!

"BUT I DO KNOW A *LITTLE*..."

WHO...

FINALLY. HERE WE ARE.

YOU REALLY DID A NUMBER ON THIS PLACE.

THE CLUB NEPH SIBLINGS MUST BE PISSED.

FAUSTIA...

MERCY'S PLAN IS A LITTLE CONVOLUTED, HUH? IT TOOK US QUITE A FEW BREADCRUMBS UNTIL WE FOUND YOU, AHADIEL. BUT HERE THE FUCK WE ARE

WE'RE AT A LITTLE BIT OF A DEAD END, THOUGH. WE THOUGHT SHE WAS TEAMING UP WITH LIL' LILA. BUT HERE YOU ARE WITH EVERYONE'S GUTS ON YOUR PAWS. I THINK MERCY DOUBLE-DOUBLE CROSSED.

TELL ME WHERE MY DAUGHTER IS.

NEVER.

HM.

TELL ME WHERE SHE IS!

NOW NOW NOW NOOOOW!

HEY, OPEN MIC. CAN I HAVE A WORD? FATE OF THE WORLD KINDA DEPENDS ON IT, DEPRESSING ENOUGH.

MERCY?

DON'T FUCKING TOUCH ME, HELLSCUM!

OH NO THE *FUCK* YOU DIDN'T.

WELP. THERE GOES THE *WILLING ALLY* IDEA.

I'M A LITTLE BIT IMPRESSED THAT MERCY DIDN'T SWING FIRST.

IF YOU'D TOLD ME MILLENIA AGO THAT I'D BE HERE, WATCHING THIS FIGHT, SPEAKING WITH YOU... I MAY HAVE JUMPED INTO THE *PIT OF OBLIVION.*

SICK.

HILLEVI, STOP!

ARE YOU...ARE YOU FUCKING HIGH!?

YOUR MOTHER KILLED THE WORLD! YOU--YOU BROKE MY CROWN! I...ER, WHOA, THE SKY IS VIBRATING.

HOW DARE YOU JUDGE ME? I AM NOT HIGH. I'M ELEVATED.

OH JESUS, HERE WE GO.

DMT AND SHROOMS ARE MY ONLY DOORWAY INTO THE DIVINE. THE ONLY DOORWAY ON THIS FORSAKEN ROCK, THANKS TO YOU RIPPING MY HALO FROM MY BODY.

YEAH. SORRY ABOUT THAT.

IT'S THE ONLY WAY TO TAP INTO HIS LIGHT NOW... UNLESS YOU WANT TO GET HOOKED ON LILIN'S LORLI GARBAGE.

BLARARARR!

KEEP A HAND ON MY SHOULDER, HANK.

ARE WE TELEPORTING AGAIN? THAT WAS PRETTY SWEET.

YES, I SUPPOSE IT IS.

PORT'S BAR

YOU FUCKING--

OH, HEY, WHAT ABOUT MY TRUCK?

BLEP!

--TWAT!

OH GOD IN HEAVEN.

WHERE ARE WE? AND HOW CLOSE ARE WE TO A GODDAMN BATHROOM?

ARAMAT.

THIS IS WHERE YOU ONCE HELPED ME. I THOUGHT IT ONLY FITTING TO NOW HELP YOU. DO YOU REMEMBER, HILLEVI?

I DO.

BEFORE.

IT IS ALL MY FAULT! BUT WHY?! WHY DO THEY HAVE TO DIE? WHY NOT *ME?*

IT IS NOT OUR ROLE TO ASK.

SHHHH, NAHMAT. SHHHH. I'M HERE FOR YOU. I DON'T KNOW WHY THEY SINGLED OUT YOUR LOVE, WHEN WE ARE BOTH GUILTY OF THE SAME SIN.

IF LOVING THEM IS A SIN, THEN WHY IS IT EVEN IN OUR CAPACITY TO DO SO?

NOAH... I'M SO SORRY.

LOOK AT THIS LAND NOW. QUIET AND CALM...PEACEFUL. WE THOUGHT THE WORLD WAS OVER... BUT IT HAD ONLY JUST BEGUN.

THAT THE LINE OF BULLSHIT THEY GAVE YOU IN ANGEL THERAPY? YOU'RE STILL OVER-COMPENSATING FOR PAST MISTAKES.

NO. WE DARED CHALLENGE HEAVEN, AND BOTH PAID THE PRICE.

YOU WATCHED YOUR LOVE SUFFER. LOSE EVERYTHING HE HAD. THEN YOU SUFFERED ALL OVER AGAIN, FORCED TO WATCH HIM FROM AFAR AS HE REBUILT THE WORLD.

AND ME? I SENT MINE TO HIDE. THINKING I HELPED HIM EVADE DISASTER, ONLY TO TURN HIS LIFE INTO A MOCKERY OF ITS FORMER SELF IN SHEOL.

IF YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT WHO I THINK, PICK YOUR NEXT WORDS CAREFULLY.*

*SEE MERCY SPARX, VOL. 4, "KILLING THE GATEKEEPERS."

WE FAILED THE WORLD, *AGAIN*. ALL OF US. IT'S OVER.

IT'S WHAT WE DO IN THE DARKEST OF TIMES THAT MAKES US WHO WE ARE.

YOU'RE KIDDING, RIGHT? DID WE FORGET WHY WE'RE IN THE "DARKEST TIMES" NOW?

IT'S BECAUSE THEY WERE TOO BUSY PUNISHING US FOR THE SIMPLE ACT OF ***LOVE*** TO SEE THE ***BIGGEST THREAT*** WAS MAKING PLANS RIGHT UNDER THEIR NOSE. AND NOW SHE'S BACK TO FINISH THE JOB.

BUT YOU MUST REMEMBER...WHEN A SOLDIER OF GOD IS IN NEED OF A WEAPON TO FIGHT FOR WHAT IS GOOD, HEAVEN WILL PRESENT THEM WITH THAT WEAPON.

UHHH? OH, RIGHT. TALKING ABOUT ME AGAIN.

I KNOW THE TRUTH, HILLEVI. I KNOW ABOUT ***MY*** HALO. AND HOW ONLY YOU KNOW THE SONG TO DISRUPT ITS SIGNAL.

HER?! HOW IS SHE SUPPOSED TO HELP?

IT WAS SO LONG AGO...I...I THINK I REMEMBER. SHE...HAD YOUR HALO. BUT SHE WAS NOT ABLE TO BOND WITH IT YET.

SHE HAD GONE ON A RAMPAGE, TORTURING ANY ANGEL OR DEMON WITH KNOWLEDGE THAT COULD HELP HER.

I WAS ROGUE, TAKING ON WORK FROM ALL SORTS OF CHARACTERS. ONE OF HER RARE VICTIMS THAT ACTUALLY SURVIVED, HIRED ME TO RETRIEVE IT.

"BEFORE SHE COULD SEE HER PLANS THROUGH, SHE WAS CAPTURED BY YOUR FATHER ARMOROS AND IMPRISONED. WHEN I RETURNED TO MY CLIENT, HE'D SUCCUMBED TO FAUSTIA'S WOUNDS, WHICH MEANT I WASN'T GETTING PAID.

"TIME PASSED AND TO MY SHOCK, IT SEEMED THAT NEITHER HEAVEN NOR HELL HAD ANY KNOWLEDGE OF THIS 'WEAPON' EVEN EXISTING. SO I SAT ON IT, AND WENT BACK TO MY SEMBLANCE OF A LIFE. UNTIL ONE DAY..."

UNTIL COLOPATIRON ASKED YOU FOR IT. THAT TRAITOR.

RIGHT. IN EXCHANGE FOR AN ALL-EXPENSES PAID PASS TO EARTH, COMPLETELY OFF OF HEAVEN'S RADAR.

BUT THE FUCKER WAS ONLY GETTING IT FOR ***HER.***

BUT STILL, SHEOL'S TOO CONNECTED TO HELL. EVEN TRAPPED THERE, SHE WOULDN'T HAVE BEEN ABLE TO ACTIVATE IT WITH YOU SO CLOSE. SHE'D NEED YOU FURTHER AWAY. SOMEWHERE LIKE EARTH...

OHHHHHHH.

SO *THAT'S* WHY YOU'RE HERE!

BITCH WAS WISPERING IN SANDOLPHON'S EAR THE WHOLE TIME.*

OH, AND MERCY? FOR WHAT IT'S WORTH AT THE TIME...I DIDN'T KNOW THE HALO WAS *YOURS.*

*SEE MERCY SPARX VOL. 1 "HEAVEN'S DIRTY WORK"

ALL RIGHT, ENOUGH OF THIS *THROWBACK SHIT.* I KNOW THAT FAUSTIA'S FAR TOO POWERFUL FOR ANYONE ELSE TO JUST RIP THAT HALO OFF OF HER PRETENTIOUS HEAD, EVEN *WITH* YOUR TALENTS...

... BUT NOT IF ITS *RIGHTFUL OWNER* IS JUST FEET AWAY.

IT ISN'T THAT SIMPLE. FAUSTIA'S POWER IS...SHE'S UNSTOPPABLE NOW. SHE MADE THE WHOLE WORLD BUCKLE TO HER.

SO DID THIS FLOOD YOU'RE ALL OBSESSED WITH. AND LOOK WHERE WE ARE NOW. TAKING ANOTHER SHOT.

COME ON, HILLEVI.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

HEY, BEFORE EVERYONE KNOWS WE'RE HERE, WE WOULDN'T HAVE TIME TO STOP FOR A BURGER, RIGHT?

ABSOLUTELY NOT.

RIGHT. I WAS JUST ASKING IN CASE YOU GUYS WERE HUNGRY.

OHHHHH SHIT! GANG'S ALL HERE!

WAIT UNTIL YOU SEE THE SITUATION HERE. FATHER DONAVON'S GOT THIS SHIT ON LOCK. ALL THE PRIESTS AND SHIT HERE HAVE TO DO WHAT WE SAY! IT'S LIKE I'VE BEEN MADE A DEPUTY OF THE VATICAN.

COOL, COOL, NO WARM HELLOS, I SEE HOW IT IS.

MISSED YOU, MANNY. TAKE A SHOWER.

WE'RE GETTING THE STYX WATER SET UP. POTENT STUFF, SO YOU MIGHT WANT TO STEER CLEAR.

BLESS PURIFY MOTHER LIGHT

EVERYONE'S BEEN HELPING EXCEPT THIS GUY. NOT TRYING TO CALL ANYONE OUT. JUST SAYING, YOU KNOW, EVERYONE'S BEEN PUTTING IN WORK. EXCEPT HIM.

I DID MY SHARE. WALLACE TOLD ME NOT TO LEAVE TILL YOU FOLKS PAID UP. HOW ABOUT SOME-ONE HERE SIGNS A DAMN CHECK?

SEE WHAT I MEAN?

ARE YOU SURE THAT THING CAN TAKE THE STYX-WATER? IT LOOKS OLDER THAN FUCKING NAHMAT.

ARE YOU KIDDING? THAT THING IS BADASS!

GLAD SOME-ONE AROUND HERE APPRECIATES...

HATER.

SPEAKING OF, WHERE'D YOU GET THIS?

#VANLIFE! THIS BELONGED TO ONE OF THOSE INSTAGRAM INFLUENCERS, BUT THEY HIGHTAILED IT BACK TO LA ONCE EVERYTHING WENT TIDDIES UP.

THEY LEFT ALL THEIR FILMING EQUIPMENT BEHIND, TOO. YOU EVER THOUGHT ABOUT VLOGGING, BRO?

MANNY, IT'S AMAZING THAT **YOU'RE** STANDING HERE, AND THAT PIECE OF SHIT IS STILL THE DUMBEST THING IN THE VICINITY.

FATHER KAEL DONAVON, MEET HILLEVI. ANGEL, SINGER-SONGWRITER. CURRENTLY COMING DOWN OFF A HARSH TRIP, SO BE WARNED.

I'M FINE, HELLCUNT.

WELP.

AN HONOR TO MEET YOU.

I'M STUNNED. AFTER ALL YOUR WORK TO GET ME TO HELP, **THIS** IS WHAT YOU'RE WORKING WITH?

A MONSTER THAT WOULD BE THE NICEST NEIGHBOR ON SESAME STREET, A FEW BOUNCERS WHO ARE ONLY HERE UNTIL YOU PAY THEM, A HOT PRIEST, AND AN OLD FIRE TRUCK?

WHAT WAS THAT ABOUT ME?

WE'RE GOING TO GET FUCKING ***OBLITERATED.*** LOOK IT UP.

NOT THAT BIG OF A WORD, JUST SAYING.

BITCH ALL YOU WANT, BUT THIS IS WHAT WE'VE GOT. AND IT PAINS ME TO SAY IT, BUT WE ***ALL*** HAVE A BETTER CHANCE WITH YOU ON BOARD THAN WITHOUT, SO YOU BETTER COME TO TERMS WITH THIS BEING THE TEAM.

...THANKS, UH...?

DID WALLACE COME THROUGH ON THE ***OTHER*** FAVOR I ASKED ABOUT?

WALLACE ALWAYS FOLLOWS THROUGH.

HELL YEAH. THANK HIM FOR ME, BIG GUY.

I HAVE A NAME. IT'S *BRICK CITY*. ALSO, SPEAKING OF THANKING WALLACE, CAN SOMEONE FUCKING PAY ME SO I CAN GET ON AND LEAVE THIS MOTHERFUCKER? NUNS CREEP ME OUT.

FIGURE THIS MIGHT BE OF USE, TOO.

OH SHIT! I COULD KISS YOU.

THE AX. NOT YOU.

OKAY, PLAN TIME. DONAVON, GIVE THE EXPOSITION ON THE STYX WATER TO THE DUMMIES.

I FEEL LIKE I'VE DONE THIS SEVENTY TIMES TODAY.

I DON'T CARE IF IT'S SEVENTY *TIMES* SEVEN. TELL US –

MERCY...YOU'RE NOT 100% CLEAR ON WHAT WE'RE DOING, ARE YOU?

JUST TALK, "HOT PRIEST." I LEAD THE BATTLE CHARGE, YOU COVER THE NERD SHIT.

FINE. THE RIVER STYX--IT'S ACTUALLY A PORTAL THAT IS PART OF THE SYSTEM THAT "ZAPS" YOUR SOUL TO THE AFTERLIFE, AND ACTS AS A FILTER. LIKE A MAIL SORTER, MAKING SURE YOUR SOUL IS DIRECTED TO THE PROPER DESTINATION FOR JUDGEMENT.

THE WATER ITSELF CAN TAKE A HOLY BLESSING JUST LIKE ANY WATER... AND HARNESSED IN THE QUANTITY WE HAVE, IT CAN BE A DEADLY WEAPON AS WELL. AND ALSO... A *LURE* TO FAUSTIA.

WE LEAK A LOCATION TO HER, PRETEND TO BE SOMEONE TRYING TO SCAM HER BY RESELLING THE STYX WATER. WE TELL HER A PLACE WHERE SHE CAN MAKE THE PICK-UP, AND THEN BOOM--WE AMBUSH HER.

WALLACE TENDS TO THINK SHE'S GONNA FIND OUT WHAT WE DID, AND I DON'T DISAGREE. WE HAVE TO CONTACT HER DISCREETLY AND SET UP THE AMBUSH IN TWO DAYS.

THAT'LL GIVE US ENOUGH TIME TO PREPARE AND–

KOK KOK KOK

UH...I THOUGHT WE WERE ALL ALREADY HERE.

HERE'S HOPING WE DON'T GIVE SOME OLD NUN A HEART ATTACK.

I CAN FEEL IT, MERCY. A DEMONIC PRESENCE. THIS ISN'T GOOD.

NOTHING.

WHERE THE FU...

AUGH!

CHARGE! WE'RE BEING ATTACKED!

THERE GOES YOUR TWO DAYS.

SHOW YOURSELVES, COWARDS!

WHAT!? HOW--

HEAVEN JUST CAN'T *NOT* INTERFERE.

HELLO, NAHMAT. EAT A DICK, NAHMAT.

YOU CANNOT HOLD--

OH, YOU'LL FIND THAT I CAN. I CAN DO WHATEVER I WANT. STRUGGLE ALL YOU WANT... NO GETTING OUT OF THERE.

MERCY. MOTHER'S HOME!

SHIT.

YOU'VE BEEN SCHEMING, MERCY. AND TO THINK I THOUGHT YOU WEREN'T LIKE *ME*.

HOW THE *FUCK* DID YOU FIND US?

YOUR LITTLE FUCK BUDDY COLIN HAS A NEW CRUSH. HE WAS *VERY* HELPFUL.

THEN I TRIED TO GET IT OUT OF AHADIEL AT LILIN'S PLACE, BUT ALAS... I THOUGHT WE'D NEVER BE ABLE TO FIND YOU. BUT IT WAS *YOU* WHO HELPED ME OUT.

THE STYX WATER HAS A TRACKING DEVICE, YOU FUCKING IDIOT. I FOUND YOU USING A DAMN *APP*.

NO FAIR! USING TECH WHEN WE'RE DEALING WITH ALL THIS MAGICKY STUFF.

JUST SEEING FAUSTIA'S FACE IS ALL THE AMMO I NEED. LET'S DO THIS, MERCY. I, UH...I JUST... OH SHIT.

WHAT?

I DON'T SIMPLY *PLAY* THE SONG. I *CHANNEL* IT. I'M NOT NEARLY HIGH ENOUGH.

OH JESUS CHRIST, *REALLY!?*

WAIT A SECOND, HOW-

YOU'VE BEEN FOJND OUT, FAUSTIA. YOU HAVE SOMETHING THAT BELONGS TO MERCY. IT'S FUCKING *OVER.*

I...

HAHAHAHA! OH, RIGHT! YOU THINK NOW THAT YOU KNOW ABOUT THE HALO THAT YOU'VE GOT A SHOT AT TAKING DOWN THE *QUEEN!?*

MERCY, LOOK AT YOURSELF. SURROUNDED BY THESE-WHAT DO YOU CALL THEM, *FRIENDS?* THESE ANGELS COULDN'T THINK LESS OF PEOPLE LIKE US. THE HUMANS *BLAME* YOU FOR ALL THIS!

IF YOU DO THE IMPOSSIBLE AND TAKE *ME* DOWN, YOU'LL BE MORE ALONE THAN EVER.

I'LL TAKE ALONE FOREVER OVER A SECOND MORE OF *YOU.*

HILLEVI, YOU BETTER REMEMBER *NOW!*

DO YOU EVEN KNOW *WHY* YOU HAD THIS HALO? IT WAS BECAUSE OF *MY* SACRIFICE! BECAUSE OF YOUR *FATHERS'S* SACRIFICE!

AHADIEL IS ONLY THE FIRST OF YOU ALL TO BURN. TAKE THEM! LEAVE ONLY *MERCY* ALIVE. I WANT TO STRETCH OUT HER SUFFERING FOR AS LONG AS WE CAN.

UH, HOW'S IT GO. I, UH...

SOMETHING LIKE...

DON'T LET HER PLAY THAT WEIRD GUITAR!

HOW ABOUT YOU, MOM? WHAT'S YOUR PLAN? YOU'RE QUEEN OF THE WORLD, THEN FUCKING WHAT?

WHY EVEN TRY, MERCY? COULDN'T HAVE FUCKED THIS UP HARDER IF YOU WANTED TO.

THEN-I GET WHAT I WANT. OBEDIENCE!

NO ONE IN HEAVEN OR HELL TO TELL ME WHAT TO DO. WHO I AM. I MAKE THE RULES NOW.

DON'T ACT LIKE YOU'RE ABOVE IT, MERCY. I *KNOW* YOU. YOU'RE *ME*. NO ONE MATTERS TO *YOU* BUT *A NUMBER ONE*. THESE "FRIENDS" OF YOURS MIGHT DETEST YOU, BUT AT LEAST THEY FEEL *SOMETHING*. YOU CAN'T EVEN BE HONEST ABOUT BEING A SOULLESS BITCH.

AT LEAST I PLAY THE PART.

DON'T... FUCKING... INTERRUPT ME!

KRAK

SLOAN!

WHAT A FUCK-UP. AND FOR WHAT? WHAT DID *YOU* WANT WITH THE STYX WATER?

TO BURN YOU ALIVE WITH IT. JUST LIKE YOU WANTED TO DO TO US.

YOU THINK I WANT THE STYX WATER AS A WEAPON? OH, MERCY... ALWAYS THREE STEPS BEHIND. THAT'S JUST A HAPPY SIDE EFFECT.

WITH THE PORTALS TO HEAVEN AND HELL SHUT DOWN, I CAN'T HAVE SOULS PILING UP HERE.

AND AS SOON AS WE HARNESS ENOUGH...I'M SENDING ALL YOUR LITTLE BUDDIES TO THE PIT, JUST TO *PROVE* TO YOU THAT I *KNOW* YOU DON'T GIVE A DAMN ABOUT THEIR LIVES.

AGHK--

♪♫♪♫♪♫

LOOOORD, YOU ARE MY- EYEYEYE LIIIIGHT!

WHAT NOW!? WHAT IS THAT FUCKING SOUND!?

I'LL BE DAMNED.

IT'S CHRISTIAN ROCK.

I HAVE BEEN SAVED FROM THE DEVIL BY MY SAVIOR! THE SAVIOR WHO SAVES YA!

NOT JUST ANY MIX, EITHER, THE *WORST* OF THE WORST.

DON'T FEEL TOO BAD, GUYS. THIS HURTS *ME* TOO. JUST TERRIBLE.

YOU WANT TO KEEP THE HALO? *DIE* WITH IT ON.

WHERE--

KSSSHH!

NOT ON YOUR BEST DAY OF THAT LONG, BORING, ETERNAL LIFE.

WE'LL BE BACK FOR MERCY.

AND YOUR LIVES.

MERCY!

I KIND OF THOUGHT THE CHRISTIAN ROCK WAS GOING TO MAKE THEM EXPLODE. TALK ABOUT AN ANTI-CLIMAX.

YOU CAME THROUGH...

MY MOM'S NOT LIKE THE OTHERS WE'VE DEALT WITH. I THOUGHT YOU KICKED ASS.

I CAN'T BREAK IT. WHAT IS THIS SPELL, NAHMAT?

IT'S A SOUL CIRCLE, I'M AFRAID. BOUND TO THE LIFE OF A DEMON WHEN FAUSTIA CREATED IT. IT'S IMPENETRABLE UNTIL THE DEMON IS SLAIN.

DON'T RUFFLE YOUR FEATHERS, NAHMAT.

'CAUSE NOW I KNOW MY MOM'S PLAN. THING ABOUT MY MOM? SHE TALKS. A LOT. SHE JUST GAVE ME WHAT I NEED TO WIN.

WE'RE GOING TO GO THERE AND WE'RE GOING TO HIT THEM WHEN THEY LEAST EXPECT IT.

NOW. AFTER WE LOST. AFTER SHE THINKS IT'S TIME TO GO HOME AND REGROUP.

WE DON'T HAVE TO FIND THE *ONE* DEMON WHO IS BONDED TO THAT SPELL, NAHMAT. BECAUSE WE'RE GONNA KILL THEM *ALL*.

HOW YOU FEELING, DONAVON? UP FOR EXCESSIVE AMOUNTS OF VIOLENCE?

OF COURSE. I SWORE AN OATH, AFTER ALL.

MANNY, YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO WITH THE REST OF THE STYX WATER, AND HANK, GET THAT MIX READY.

ON IT. IT'S GOING TO BE *SO* BAD.

ARE YOU OKAY? YOUR FACE IS LOOKING PRETTY FUCKED. NOT THAT YOU'RE, UH- NOT ***BEAUTIFUL***, I JUST -

I'M FINE. I JUST WANT ANOTHER CRACK AT THAT BITCH MERCY'S HEAD. IF YOU GET THE CHANCE, COLIN...YOU'LL TAKE HER OUT, RIGHT? FOR ME?

BUT FAUSTIA SAYS-

FOR *ME.*

NOW, YOU... CALL EVERY DEALER YOU KNOW, ***NOW.*** I WANT YOU TRIPPING BALLS BY THE TIME WE'RE MOVING.

FINALLY, THIS IS STARTING TO SOUND LIKE SOME *FUN.*

YOU TWO, GOT SOME-THING FOR YOU. FAUSTIA'S ORDERS.

CAN'T YOU SEE WE'RE HAVING A PRIVATE CONVERSATION?

FAUSTIA SAID-

FUCK OFF! CAN'T YOU SEE SHE'S IN PAIN?

THANKS.

SO... BRICK.

WHY DO I GET THE FEELING YOU'RE NOT ABOUT TO SAY "HERE'S YOUR PAYMENT, HAVE A NICE DAY"?

THINK YOU COULD CALL WALLACE FOR ME?

"I HAVE ***ONE MORE*** FAVOR TO ASK."

AGH! WHAT THE HELL IS THAT!?

IT'S- GAAEGH... IT'S--

"IT'S THOSE FUCKING ASSHOLES AGAIN!"

WOOOO-HOOOO!

LOOOOORD, YOU ARE MY-YEYEYE LIIIIIGHT

YOU GUIDE MY LIIIIIII-EYE-IIIIFE

HOW IN THE NAME OF THE UNHOLY ARE THEY OPENING A PORTAL!?

YOU BETTER BE CLEAR OF THE RIFT, MERCY, OR THIS REALLY WILL BE MY **FINAL** FAVOR TO YOUR GREEDY ASS.

FWIP!

SIGH

GOOD LUCK, MERCY.

LORD I SING YOUR NAME, AND I CRYYYYY...

GO, GO, GO!

WE CLEAR, HILLEVI?

ABOUT AS CLEAR AS YOU'RE GOING TO GET.

HEY, WHEN DID YOJ GROW *WINGS*, HANK? YOJ LOOK LIKE A BEAUTIFUL BUTTERFLY.

HMMM, WONDER IF THOSE DRUGS ARE KICKING IN YET?

LORDLY LORD OF LORDS!

..HM.

JESUS CHRIIIIIIST

IT, UH... DOESN'T SEEM THAT THE MUSIC IS WORKING ANYMORE, *HANK*.

I DON'T GET IT.

EAR PLUGS, BITCH.

COSTCO BULK BUY.

THIS WAS YOUR PLAN, MERCY? ATTACK US WITH THE SAME STRATEGY THAT GOT YOUR ASS KICKED LESS THAN TWO HOURS AGO?

THAT'S THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN YOU AND ME. WE MAY NOT BE LIKE CREATURES ON THIS OR ANY PLANE OF EXISTENCE, BUT SOMEHOW YOU'RE *BASIC*.

ME? I *ADAPT*.

KILL THEM ALL. EXCEPT MERCY. SHE'S *MINE* TO DISCIPLINE.

HM.

HE SAVED--

NO WORRIES, HANK! PLAN B IN MOTION.

MERCY, HEADS UP!

KEEP THEM BUSY. I'M GOING FOR HER.

HEY MERCY?

YEAH?

I'LL BE SO FUCKING PISSED IF YOU DIE. SO DON'T. COOL?

SAME.

EAT STYX-WATER, HELL SPAWN!

SPECIES-TRAITOR!

I AM *NOT* A DEMON. I'M A *HORRACHNID*, YOU RACIST!

ALL RIGHT, HILLEVI. IT'S ME AND YOU. LET'S--

GAH! JESUS.

ARE THE WALLS BLEEDING RAINBOW OR AM I JUST ON THE BEST TRIP OF MY LIFE?

CONCENTRATE. GET US TO HER, AND YOU PLAY THE SONG WHILE I SPRAY THE BITCH.

WE HAVE ONE SHOT AT THIS. DON'T FUCK IT UP, HILL--

MERCY!

COLIN, COME ON. REMEMBER WHO YOU--

I REMEMBER WHAT YOU LET HAPPEN TO ME. NOW, I HAVE A NEW LIFE. AND ONCE YOU'RE GONE, I CAN REALLY START LIVING IT.

FUCK YOU, MERCY.

HILLEVI, SWING ME!

OOOF--

BOOT!

MERCY!

KERPLUNK!

ANNNND RIGHT INTO THE STYX POOL. YIKES.

AHEM.

WELL, THEN.

I'M BUZZING...

I'M BUZZING WITH THE SONG...I...I REMEMBER EVERY NOTE. WE'RE GOING TO WIN, MERCY. WE'RE GOING TO--

PLAY THE FUCKING SONG, HILLEVI!

DIE, HEAVENLY SCUM!

SPLORTCH!

WHOA. NAHMAT WITH THE CLINCHER.

MERCY.

FINE. THAT REMINDS ME WHY I DON'T FUCK WITH YOU ANGELS. CAN NEVER CELEBRATE SOME GOOD OLD, LOW BROW GORE.

NO MORE DELAYING, MERCY. THE TIME IS NOW.

I KNOW. NAHMAT. PLEASE KEEP HANA AND THE OTHERS ALIVE DOWN THERE. WE GOT THIS.

PLAY IT, HILLEVI.

LOOK AT WHO YOU SURROUND YOURSELF WITH, MERCY. HEAVEN'S WARRIORS. IS THAT WHAT YOU ARE? HAVE YOU STOOPED SO LOW? HAVE YOU--

AAAAUUUGH!

IT'S MINE! IT'S MINE, YOU GREEDY BITCHES!

YOU'RE FUCKING DONE, MOM. I WANT YOU TO REALLY PAUSE AND FEEL THIS MOMENT. I FEEL THIS LOSS BECAUSE THIS IS WHAT YOU ARE.

YOU'VE ALWAYS BEEN A LOSER.

GAH!

DON'T STOP, KILLEW!

SHE'S--I CAN'T BELIEVE IT, SHE'S RESISTING IT!

DON'T KILL HER! DON'T KILL MERCY!

WAIT... YOU KEEP SAYING THAT. WHAT THE FUCK IS THAT ABOUT?

IT'S NOTHING! I JUST WANT TO MAKE YOUR EXISTENCE AS MISERABLE--

NAH. YOU DON'T CARE ABOUT THAT. YOU DON'T CARE ENOUGH ABOUT ANYONE, NOT EVEN ME, TO EVEN GIVE A SHIT TO DRAG THIS OUT. THERE'S SOMETHING MORE TO IT.

IT DIES IF I DO, DOESN'T IT? THE HALO?

YOU HAVE NO IDEA WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT!

THAT'S WHY IT'S ALWAYS "LEAVE MERCY FOR ME." "DON'T KILL MERCY." IT'S WHY YOU KEPT ME LOCKED UP HERE. IT'S THE ONLY REASON YOU DIDN'T KILL ME YOURSELF WHEN YOU HAD THE CHANCE.

SO IF I JUMP... YOU'RE DONE.

OH, PLEASE! YOU'D NEVER. EVEN IF WHAT YOU'RE SAYING IS TRUE, AND IT'S NOT... EVEN IF IT WAS, YOU DON'T HAVE IT *IN* YOU.

YOU ARE *ME*. NO ONE MATTERS TO MERCY SPARX BUT MERCY SPARX. IT'S THE *ONE* POWERFUL TRAIT YOU HAVE, AND IT'S FUCKING *MINE*.

BYE, BITCH.

NO!

MERCY!

OH... NO, NOOOO, NO–

I GOT YOU, MAN. IT'S OKAY. I GOT YOU.

SHE... SHE... MERCY...

LOOKS LIKE WE WERE BOTH WRONG ABOUT THE DEVLING.

OH!

NOOOOO! IT'S MINE! IT'S MINE!

SPLOOSH!

HOOOOLY SHIT. I DID *NOT* THINK I'D MAKE IT TO HEAVEN. I--

DAMN.

WHAT THE FUCK? WHY--

--AM-

--I-

M-MERCY?

...HERE.

WAIT...

I THOUGHT "KIND OF HILARIOUS THAT I DIDN'T GET SENT TO HELL." AND I POP UP IN HELL I THOUGHT OF SHEOL...I'M IN SHEOL. LIMBO...AND HERE I AM.

DOES THIS MEAN...

WOW. AND THERE IT IS.

NOW, I FEEL IT. THE POWER--MY POWER. I CAN *THINK* OF A PLACE...OR A PERSON...AND I'M *THERE*.

I COULD CHANGE EVERYTHING WITH THIS KIND OF POWER.

I COULD SAVE THE WORLD.

THIS MIGHT BE WHO I WAS MEANT TO BE

HUH.

MEH.

UNNF!

YOU...YOU WASTES OF LIFE... WHAT'S SO GREAT ABOUT THE FUCKING WORLD THAT YOU WANT IT BACK?

AT LEAST MY WAY WAS FUN, YOU--

HEY, MOM. SHUT THE FUCK UP FOR ONCE, OKAY?

I CAN'T BELIEVE IT. YOU'RE ALIVE. I THOUGHT YOU-- BURNT, OR DROWN, OR DISINTEGRATED... WHATEVER HAPPENS IN THERE.

YEAH, WELL, I'M GLAD YOU DIDN'T GET HORRIBLY MURDERED BY MY MOTHER'S ARMY OF DEMONS. WE GOOD ON THE HUG, NOW?

SEE...YOU KNEW YOU'D SURVIVE...YOU DON'T HAVE A SELFLESS BONE IN YOUR BODY...

EH, YOU TALKED SO MUCH ABOUT HOW WE WERE DIFFERENT THAN REGULAR ANGELS OR DEMONS, I KNEW *SOMETHING* WOULD HAPPEN.

BEST CASE, IT DESTROYED THE HALO BUT SPAT ME BACK OUT. WORST CASE, I STILL GET TO GO OUT SAYING "FUCK YOU."

ACTUALLY, WITH HEAVEN AND HELL BEING CLOSED OFF, YOU *COULD'VE* BEEN FLOATING IN *NOTHINGNESS* FOR ALL ETERNITY.

YIKES. WELL, GLAD I DIDN'T PUT ANY THOUGHT INTO *THAT* PLAN.

THE GATES ARE OPENING AGAIN AS WE SPEAK. HEAVEN IS TAKING CONTROL, AND ALL IS AS IT SHOULD BE.

ANY MOMENT, THIS PLACE WILL SWARM WITH ANGELS...AND IF WE DON'T MAKE A CHOICE NOW, THEY WILL DO IT FOR US.

BUT I OWE YOU THIS, MERCY. THE WORLD DOES.

A CHOICE. SHE'S POWERLESS... FOR *NOW*. HER PATHETIC LIFE IS IN YOUR HANDS.

THAT'S MY CUE TO BOLT.

WAIT! I'LL...TELL YOU WHAT YOU *REALLY* ARE.

DON'T CARE.

WHAT *I AM*. YOU'RE FATH--

NOPE.

BUT WE--

ZIP IT.

I ALREADY *KNOW* WHAT SHE'S GOING TO DO. KILL ME, MERCY. I PROMISE YOU I'LL GET ANOTHER SHOT. NOT EVEN DEATH CAN STOP ME.

HAH. MAYBE NOT. BUT YOU KNOW WHAT? MAYBE WE *ARE* A LITTLE ALIKE.

BECAUSE I HAVE A *BEAUTIFUL* IDEA TO MAKE YOUR SUFFERING LAST.

WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO TO ME?

IT'S A SURPRISE.

"AND SO, THE WORLD WENT BACK TO NORMAL. NO ZOMBIES, NO HELL-BEASTS, NOTHING. *NO* REPRESENTATION FOR GUYS LIKE ME. SUCH BULLSHIT.

SPLIN!

TAKE ONE

"THERE'S SOME KINDA HEAVEN MAGIC THAT MAKES EVERYONE *FORGET* ABOUT THE CRAZIER SHIT..."

WHICH IS WHY ALL OF YOU, OUR LOVELY LISTENERS, THINK THE ***MONSTER MANNY AND BRICK CITY PODCAST*** IS FICTIONAL.

THIS HAS BEEN THE SAGA OF MERCY SPARX AND THE SHE-BITCH. WE'LL BE BACK WITH A NEW SEASON SOON.

HOLD ON, MAN, LET ME WRAP IT UP! I HAVE TO DO THE "WHERE THEY ARE NOW" BITS.

AIGHT, YEAH, JUST PLEASE CUT THAT PART OUT, THOUGH. I DON'T LIKE WHEN YOU TALK TO ME WITH THAT CONDESCENDING TONE. WE PARTNERS.

YOU'RE RIGHT, I'M SORRY. I'LL MAKE THE EDIT REAL SMOOTH. OKAY, HERE WE GO:

"FAUSTIA HAS BEEN DAMNED TO A FATE WORSE THAN DEATH...TO HER. MERCY LEFT HER TO LIVE A NORMAL LIFE. RENT, BILLS, NOISY NEIGHBORS WHO YOU CAN'T JUST STRAIGHT UP MURDER... IT'S A NIGHTMARE FOR HER.

"SHE'S TRYING TO HIT IT BIG AS AN INSTAGRAM INFLUENCER, BUT SHE ONLY HAS 665 FOLLOWERS."

FAUCET! DON'T PUT ON THE CLOTHING IF YOU'RE NOT GOING TO BUY IT! NOW COME BACK AND WORK THE REGISTER, YOUR BREAK HAS BEEN OVER FOR TEN MINUTES!

OH, YOU'LL SEE WHAT HAPPENS WHEN I'M QUEEN OF THE WORLD AGAIN, YOU WALKING SACK OF MENOPAUSE.

"EVERYONE ELSE WENT THEIR SEPARATE WAYS. ME AND BRICK CITY, YOU ALREADY KNOW. DONAVON'S TRYING TO HUNT DOWN LILIN. WORD IS HE'S STARTING UP CLUB NEPHILIM AGAIN.

"HILLEVI HAS BEEN SEEN AT OPEN MICS, BUT I DON'T KNOW HOW SHE'S DOING. OBVIOUSLY, I'D NEVER, EVER GO TO ONE OF THOSE.

"AND HANK AND MERCY...THEY'RE BACK TO THEIR OLD GIGS, CHASING ROGUE ANGELS AND DEMONS ALIKE. THESE TWO...WITH SOME HELP FROM A TWEAKER ANGEL, A NON-TWEAKER ANGEL, A SUPER JACKED HORRACHNID =AHEM= A LITTLE MAGIC MAN, AND A TALL, DARK, AND HOLY PRIEST...SAVED THE WORLD."

"IF I WERE THEM, I'D PROBABLY HANG IT UP. KICK BACK AND MAKE A PODCAST WITH A BUDDY.

"BUT MERCY?

"SHE'S THE GIRL THAT LOOKED AT UNSTOPPABLE POWER AND SAID NOT *ME*.

"THE WAY I SEE IT, MERCY SPARX FITS IN NOWHERE BETTER THAN THIS DIRTBALL WE CALL EARTH. A PLACE WITH A TOUCH OF HEAVEN, AND A TOUCH OF HELL."

"THIS HAS BEEN THE SAGA OF MERCY SPARX AND THE SHE-BITCH. WE'LL BE BACK WITH A NEW SEASON SOON, WITH NEW STORIES TO TELL.

"THAT WAS GOOD THAT TIME? GOOD TO END HERE?"

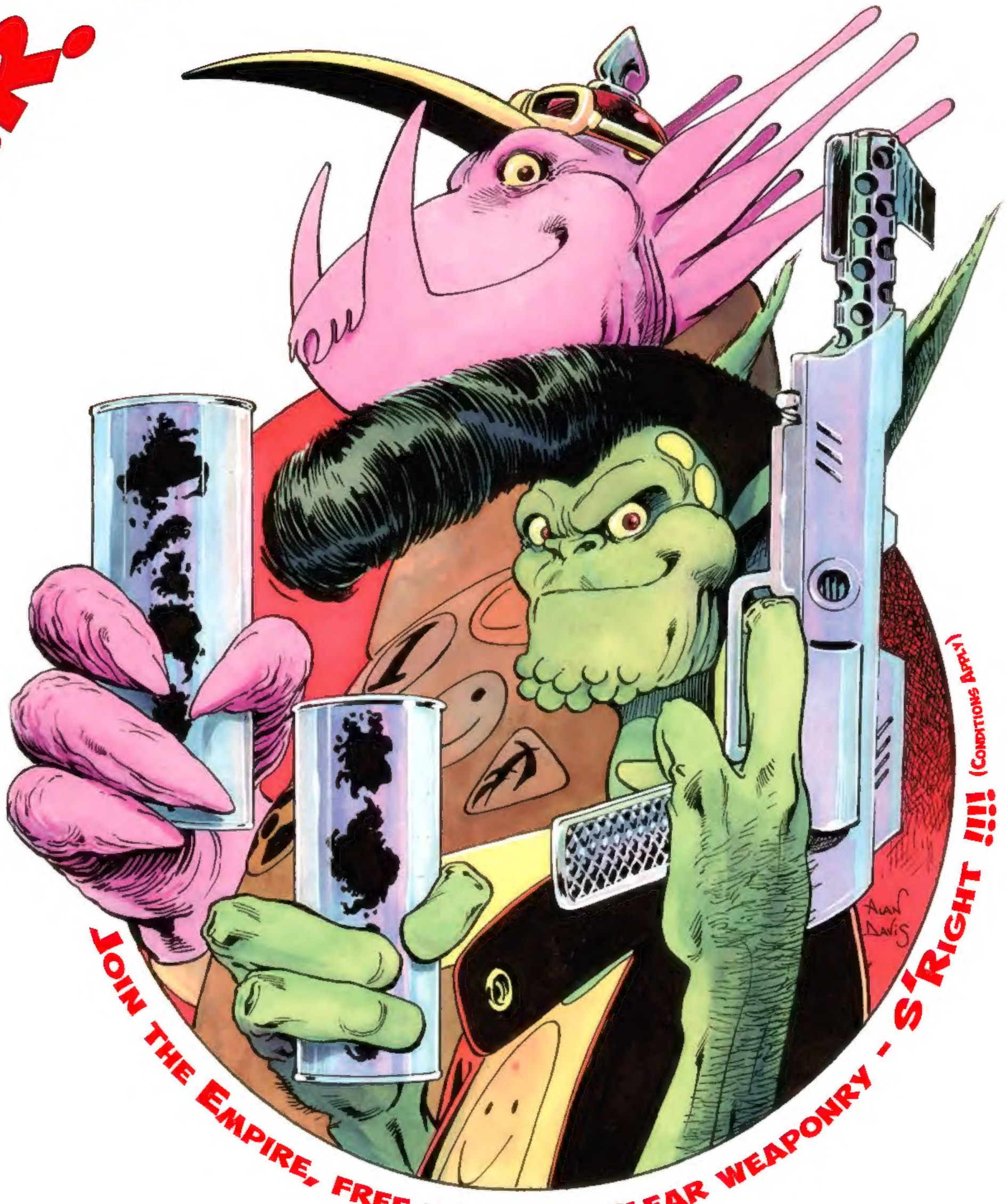
"YEAH, MAN. I THINK WE GOT IT."

CHET

WHO

WE V

D.R. & QUINCH



JOIN THE EMPIRE, FREE THERMONUCLEAR WEAPONRY - S'RIGHT !!!! (CONDITIONS APPLY)

K6 NW